

Free daily paper of the Hay Festival

The Hay Telegraph

telegraph.co.uk/hayfestival • 29/05/13

Published by The Telegraph, the Hay Festival's UK media partner. Printed on recycled paper



Taiye Selasi
The first
Afropolitan

Inside this issue

Great Lives

Matthew Norman performs some of the Telegraph's classic obituaries



Poetry Hour

Damian Lewis and his wife Helen McCrory read the great Romantics



Walking Route

Sam Llewellyn on the Offa's Dyke path from Kington to Hay-on-Wye

‘It is time the African stood up’

Interview Taiye Selasi personifies the ‘Afropolitan’ culture she writes about so vividly, says **Gaby Wood**

In 2010, when Taiye Selasi signed a two-book deal on the basis of just 100 pages of her first novel *Ghana Must Go*, news emerged that she had been represented by the super-agent Andrew Wylie, and that Salman Rushdie and Toni Morrison were already fans. This year she has been selected for the Waterstones 11 and the Granta Best of Young British Novelists lists.

So it’s possible to see her first novel – which traces a Ghanaian-Nigerian family across continents and generations – and Selasi herself as representing something new. She is not quite African and not quite American. She is not Maya Angelou, writing about American poverty or segregation, and she is not Chinua Achebe, writing about colonialism in African villages; instead, she has produced characters who are, to use a phrase that has become common but is Selasi’s own, “Afropolitan”.

The fortunes of the family in her book hinge on a single race-based injustice. Kwaku, a Ghanaian, and his Nigerian wife, Fola, have ended up in Massachusetts and have four children. Kwaku is a respected surgeon who is asked to operate on an elderly white donor to the hospital. The patient is from one of the oldest and richest families in America, the surgeon is a recent immigrant from Africa. When the patient dies during surgery, the surgeon is fired.

The shame and fury of this are conjured lightly in the book – the drama comes when, after a year of pretending to go to work, Kwaku

is humiliated in front of his young son, and, instead of going home, loses his mind and deserts his family. When he returns, they have gone, and the fallout from this single act occupies the rest of their lives.

Though many of her book’s details are autobiographical, in person Selasi is so extravagantly fabulous that her style cannot begin to tally with its heartbreaking contents. It can be a struggle (though entertaining) to keep up with Selasi, picking up the famous names that clatter to the floor, catching traces of self-mockery, and following her story past casual achievements (“and then I adapted a screenplay for Alicia Keys”) to previously unmentioned destinations. How did you end up living in Rome, I ask. “Because I couldn’t find an apartment in Paris.”

But then, this is partly what Selasi meant when she described the lives of her “Afropolitan” peers in “Bye-Bye Babar”, an article published online that went viral in 2007. In her opening scene, a Nigerian-Romanian DJ is spinning a Fela Kuti remix at a club in London, while women sporting afros, kente cloth and low-cut jeans dance hip-hop and djembe at once. The cultural hybrid she is evoking is “London meets Lagos meets Durban meets Dakar”.

Essentially, Selasi argued then, this generation’s parents left the continent in the 1960s and ’70s in search of something better. Selasi and her friends are what something better looks like: Yale-educated, gifted musicians, lawyers and surgeons and artists, capable of hopping on a plane to a yoga retreat in Scandinavia at the drop of an ironically worn headwrap. “And if it all sounds a little self-congratulatory,” she went on, “a little ‘aren’t we the coolest damn people on



You can never plan the future by the past.
But you can still look forward to it.

If you aim for more, visit barclays.com/wealth

Investments can fall in value. You may get back less than you invested.

Wealth and Investment Management

 **BARCLAYS**



Extravagantly fabulous: Taiye Selasi, author of ‘Ghana Must Go’

earth?” – I say: yes it is, necessarily. It is high time the African stood up.”

Selasi was born 32 years ago in London to a part-Nigerian, part-Scottish paediatrician and has a twin sister, Yetsa. Their father, a Ghanaian surgeon who had met their mother in Osaka, left the family almost immediately for Saudi Arabia. When Selasi was eight, the family moved to America and before long their world centred on Brookline, Massachusetts, where their mother, for the most part, brought up the girls on her own. When they were 11, Taiye and Yetsa met their father at Heathrow and he took them out for the afternoon. “So,” they said to him, “now that we’ve had tea at the Savoy, would you like to explain your decade-long absence?” A second estrangement ensued.

Prep school, Yale, Oxford: Selasi recites her *summa-cum-laude* CV as a way of explaining how afraid she was of not doing well. Every year she had to audition in Boston Symphony Hall in order to keep her place at the New England Conservatory, where she studied music for hours every Saturday. And that, she says, is what her entire childhood felt like. “We always had to walk out on to a really big stage and play really well so we could continue to stay in the programme.”

She claims to have known she wanted to be a writer from the age of four. Though she wrote no fiction until just before her 30th birthday, she wrote a play when she was a graduate student, which was seen by Toni Morrison, whose niece had produced it. Selasi sat next to Morrison at a dinner in Oxford, and Morrison suggested she look her up when they were back in the States.

Beyond the genuinely moving effects of *Ghana Must Go*, there is something inadvertently political about being allowed into these characters’ intimate lives. There are in-jokes about the flamboyance of Nigerians as compared to Ghanaians, and, even beyond that, the behaviour of Egba versus Igbo tribes. There are words adopted from Yoruba and myths imported from Lagos. There are passing intellectual dissections of dreadlocks, and the contexts in which they might be “white girl hair”. For a serious novel published widely in Britain and America to do this so effortlessly – for such worlds to enter others – is the kind of feat its own characters would have admired.

Taiye Selasi speaks at 11.30am today at the Digital Stage [Event 229]. ‘Ghana Must Go’ is published by Viking. A longer version of this article can be read at telegraph.co.uk/books

GABY GERSTER/LAIF/CAMERA PRESS

To be, or not to be:
everything she possibly can be.



If you aim for more, visit barclays.com/wealth
Investments can fall in value. You may get back less than you invested.

A life on the elliptic

Profile RS Thomas was a poet of subtle ironies and a champion of Welsh who wrote in English, says **Christopher Howse**

R S Thomas was at the Hay Festival in 1997, answering questions after a platform interview, when someone in the audience suggested that instead of responding to inane questions he might read some of his own poems. So he did.

It was not Thomas's first time at Hay. In 1992 he sat outdoors, carefully signing books, while people queued with copies of *Tares* (1961) or *Laboratories of the Spirit* (1975), open at the title page, ready for his pen. From his folding chair he could see, on one horizon, the English border.

From this, his centenary year, though the subtleties of his poetry belie its surface plainness, the ironies of the life of Ronald Stuart Thomas look obvious: a champion of Welsh who wrote poetry in English; a clergyman of the Anglican Church among the dissenting Welsh majority; a preacher of the Word for whom God was often a feeling of absence. "What resource have I," he asked, "other than the emptiness without him of my whole / being, a vacuum he may not abhor?"

Born in 1913 in Cardiff, he served as an Anglican priest in the Church in Wales, but not "of Wales". His first parish, for four years as a curate, was as dangerously close to England as Hay, in what the English called Chirk, hardly knowing that the name was just a version of Ceiriog, the Welsh river that marks the border.

In those days, in his twenties, he was not a Welsh speaker. He learnt Welsh, it seemed, not to communicate, but in order to distance himself. He could say to interloping tourists in later years "No English", as if he were a Welsh monoglot, and wave away their inquiries.

Welsh meant as much to him as to his contemporary Saunders Lewis, a founder of the Welsh National Party and, like Thomas, a poet nominated for the Nobel Prize. In 1936, Lewis burnt down an RAF building on a new bombing range in the Llyn Peninsula. Thomas came to approve of the destruction of property in the nationalist cause, but never of life.

His Welsh grew conversationally fluent, and he chose the language for his autobiographies. He wouldn't sell his life cheaply to the English. He became ever more absent from England, moving deeper into Wales, until, after his retirement in 1978, he and his wife Elsi lived in a cold, damp cottage at Porth Neigwl, Hell's Mouth, on the Irish Sea, with nothing between it and Ireland but Bardsey Island and its birds. That was before the surfers came.

Thomas was a man who did not want to explain his life, yet he wrote several autobiographies. In one, *Neb* ("No One", 1985) he described his life as an elliptic curve from childhood in Anglesey, to far Chirk, then back again via Manafon and Eglwys-fach ("little church", where there's now a bird



Watchful: RS Thomas at his home on the Llyn Peninsula in 2000

sanctuary), to the Llyn peninsula. His migration is an image of the *exitus-reditus*, the Christian-Platonic notion of creation coming forth from God and returning to him – though it was utterly foreign to Thomas's poetic method to use such an image.

Seeing migrating goldcrests one autumn day, he found himself invisible, absent, till they flew off and he recollected himself: "A repetition in time of the eternal / I AM." Say it. Don't be shy. / Escape from your mortal cage / in thought. Your migrations will never / be over."

It was at Chirk, the apogee of his orbit, furthest from his origin and destination, that he met his wife Elsi, an artist. A retrospective of her work is on show this year at Llanbedrog. Her life saw much sacrifice. The

image of her sitting in their cottage at Sarny Plas, Rhiw with her feet in a cardboard box against the cold is memorable.

Her death in 1991 after 55 years of marriage ("she / who in life / had done everything / with a bird's grace") did not end Thomas's creative life. On the contrary, a burst of poetic energy continued after his marriage to Betty Vernon in 1996. With her he completed the return leg of his orbit, back to Anglesey, close by the nuclear power station, an emblem of the scientific world that meant so little to him, where he died at home, aged 87, in 2000.

Eleven poets respond to the work of RS Thomas at 7pm today in Google's Big Tent [Event 255]. The WNO Ensemble performs a musical tribute to R S Thomas at 8.30pm tomorrow at the Llwyfan Cymru Wales Stage [Event 303].

curve

Freedom of speech

Respect for privacy should not be at the expense of respect for life



Mary
Fulbrook

Personal scruples must not stop us from exposing historical truth

Historians probably do not talk enough about the ethical issues raised by their work, simply assuming that uncovering the past is intrinsically good. While writing *A Small Town Near Auschwitz: Ordinary Nazis and the Holocaust*, I came to question this view.

Udo Klausa was a rising star in the Nazi bureaucracy. After the German invasion of Poland in 1939, he became the Landrat, or chief executive, of the county of Bedzin, in Eastern Upper Silesia. In the county town, just 25 miles north of Auschwitz, more than 25,000 people (half the population) were Jewish; a further 10,000 Jews lived across the county. Following a period of ghettoisation implemented by Klausa, the Jews were deported to slave labour camps or murdered in the nearby gas chambers of Auschwitz.

The role of civilian administrators in paving the way for genocide is clearly a topic of historical significance. And I was fortunate to have access to a rich range of sources. But this story also had personal significance. My mother, born in Berlin, was a refugee from Nazi Germany who settled in the UK; her best friend back home, Alexandra, later became Klausa's wife. After the war, the two friends made contact, and Alexandra became my godmother. So I knew the family well.

Yet we had no inkling of Klausa's role in the Nazi system. He'd evaded denazification proceedings and, like many former Nazis, had a successful career in the West German civil service. I stumbled on this difficult past long after he, his wife and my mother had all died. And, while Klausa had spoken about his war-time experiences within his family, his children had not registered the significance of his role so close to the epicentre of death. His unpublished memoirs, to which one of the Klausa children allowed me access, were full of defensive misrepresentations.

I found myself with conflicting views. On the one hand, the story of the victims of "everyday racism" cried out to be told; and the murderous consequences of Klausa's conformity were too significant to be ignored. On the other, there was the question of what my godmother's family would feel if my exposure challenged their respect for him.

Yet the ways in which Klausa had covered up his Nazi past were typical of many in post-war Germany. If my respect for his family prevailed, would I not be colluding in the cover-up practised by so many former Nazis?

Then there was the question of my mother's friendship with Alexandra: for them, not discussing the Nazi past was key. Was the cover-up actually a good thing, then, and in the interests of reconciliation? What if raking over the past simply soured the lives of those seeking to rebuild from the ruins?

Yet this was also a story typical of post-war Germany, and thus one that had to be told.

“Klausa's children had not registered the significance of his role so close to the epicentre of death

And there was also my own need, at times obsessive, to find out the truth. In the end, that prevailed – despite the tensions to which this inevitably gave rise. I could not understand this past without writing about it.

Not all secrets need to be exposed, and people's right to privacy should be respected. Silence about sensitive personal issues is indeed often the best policy – as the post-war friendship between my mother and the Klausa family reveals. But the issues are not always as clear-cut as we tend to assume.

Had Udo Klausa respected the rights of the Jewish inhabitants of Bedzin to live undisturbed in their own homes, I would not have had to face the dilemmas about whose stories should be told.

Mary Fulbrook speaks at 10am today at the Llwyfan Cymru Wales Stage. 'A Small Town Near Auschwitz' is published by OUP.

SPONSORED BY
Google

Some are born great:
but most of us have to work for it.

If you aim for more, visit barclays.com/wealth
Investments can fall in value. You may get back less than you invested.

GK Crossword

Every Saturday in The Daily Telegraph Kate Mephram produces the GK Crossword, a mind-bending General Knowledge conundrum. How quickly can you complete it?

The GK Crossword

By Kate Mephram

Across
1 English novelist who wrote the Gothic fiction *Frankenstein*; or, *The Modern Prometheus* and the historical novel *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck* (7)
5 One of Gromit's modes of transportation in Nick Park's *A Close Shave* (7)
9 Located in Madrid, the Spanish national museum and art gallery, noted for collections by Goya, Rubens and Bosch (5)
12 — Quarter; centre of student life in Paris, near the Sorbonne (5)
13 Large type of bass lute with a double neck, originally developed during the late 16th century (7)
14 — Collonges; the now retired grey racehorse that won the 2012 Grand National with jockey Daryl Jacob (7)
15 The art, practice and study of spelling words correctly (11)
16 The common name of the Persian polymath who wrote *The Book of Healing* and *The Canon of Medicine* (3,4)
17 *On the* —; British sitcom with characters including Stan Butler, Olive Rudge and Blakey (5)
18 Of or relating to sound waves with frequencies below the limit of human audibility (10)
21 Theatre stagehand responsible for moving scenery; also either of a pair of devices worn on the hands of gymnasts during bar work (4)
24 *The* —; 1893 Expressionist painting by Edvard Munch (6)
26 Largest group of baleen whales (7)
28 The bones of the human forearm between the humeri and carpi (5)
31 A collection of puzzles or board games in a single box, a summary of useful facts or a set of stationery (10)
34 English noblewoman depicted in a painting by the Pre-Raphaelite artist John Collier (4,6)
36 Four-time Formula One

Drivers Champion whose rivals included Ayrton Senna, Nigel Mansell and Nelson Piquet (5)
37 Indian variety of flatbread similar to a blintz, crepe, pancake, roti or soft tortilla (7)
38 The dust cover of a book; also the skin of an oven-baked potato (6)
41 Greek word for Ariadne's ball of thread that led Theseus out of the Minotaur's labyrinth (4)
42 Scientist or amateur who studies celestial bodies (10)
44 — *Train*; 1997 novel by Martin Amis named after a blues standard by Jimmy Forrest (5)
47 Mug in the form of a heavy-set man wearing a tricorne (4,3)
49 Vivid blue semi-precious stone mainly consisting of lazurite (5,6)
51 City in the south-west of England from where John Cabot set sail in the caravel Matthew in 1497 (7)
52 Stage name of the English singer-songwriter whose most successful singles include *Careless Whisper*, *Faith* and *Fastlove* (7)
53 *Home to* —; series by *Rising Damp* creator Eric Chappell which starred John Thaw and Reece Dinsdale (5)
54 Tradename of the foam blocks used in flower arranging (5)
55 Light fitting designed to hang from a ceiling; also a nautical term for a tapering flag (7)
56 Novel based on a puzzling crime (7)

Down
1 Town in the South Hams neighbouring Kingsbridge (8)
2 — General; legislative body in France until 1789, represented by the clergy, nobility and common people (7)
3 The spiny lobster when cooked (9)
4 Metallic chemical element, atomic number 70, between thulium and lutetium on the periodic

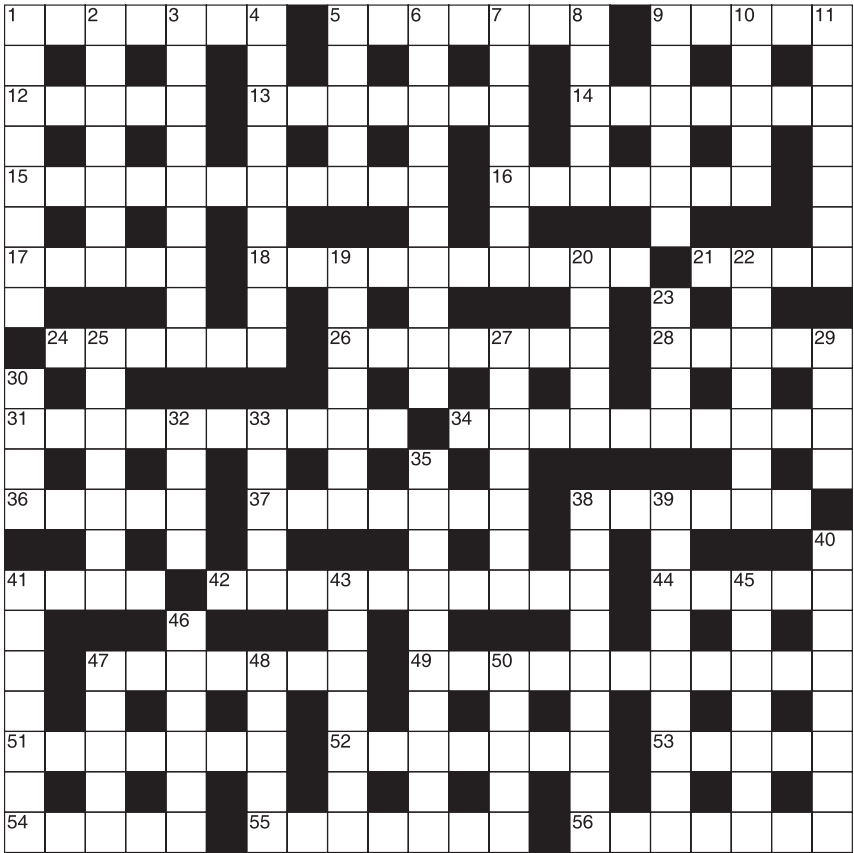


table (9)
5 *The Big* —; the first of Raymond Chandler's *Philip Marlowe* series of detective novels (5)
6 1971 Don Siegel crime thriller movie starring Clint Eastwood (5,5)
7 Catalan variety of spicy, smoked sausage served as tapas and in some versions of paella (7)
8 French historian, philosopher and theologian who wrote the controversial work *Vie de Jésus* (*Life of Jesus*) (5)
9 The nickname of J. R. R. Tolkien's character Peregrin Took (6)
10 Island in the Caribbean Sea off the north coast of Venezuela (5)
11 Simplistic ballroom dance of the ragtime era (3-4)
19 The Roman goddess of luck (7)
20 Decorative pattern on the body, fretboard or headstock of a guitar (5)
22 Scottish physicist and engineer who was a founding contributor to the science of thermodynamics (7)
23 Japanese form of

heavyweight wrestling based on grappling (4)
25 Dessert of fruit cooked in syrup (7)
27 Radioactive chemical element named after the seventh planet from the Sun (7)
29 In falconry, an unfledged hawk taken from the nest for training (4)
30 Anglo-Saxon poet or minstrel (4)
32 English painter noted for his nudes (4)
33 — and drakes; game of skimming flat stones on the surface of water (5)
35 Island south of Martinique, home of Nobel laureate Derek Walcott (5,5)
38 1847 opera by Giuseppe Verdi (9)
39 Southern constellation in the Milky Way (9)
40 Shortened name of a television show presented by Bruce Forsyth (8)
41 Another term for the domesticated water buffalo of the Philippines (7)
43 Prescribed course of restorative treatment typically including diet, exercise and medication (7)
45 Simple sugar which is an important source of energy

for the brain, red blood cells and nervous system (7)
46 A rampart of felled trees (6)
47 *The* —; one of Roald Dahl's children's books illustrated by Quentin Blake (5)
48 Sweet, often medicated drink (5)
50 Singer-songwriter who was the vocalist of Led Zeppelin (5)

Answers to the crossword and the Children's Puzzles are on page 9

Children’s Puzzles

The Telegraph also has plenty of brain-teasers for kids, and below – see if you can draw like a brilliant illustrator

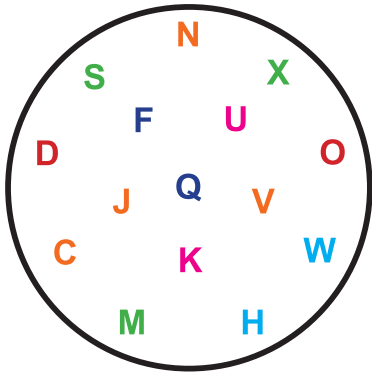
Juniormindgym

Start on the left with the given number and work your way across, following the instructions in each cell.

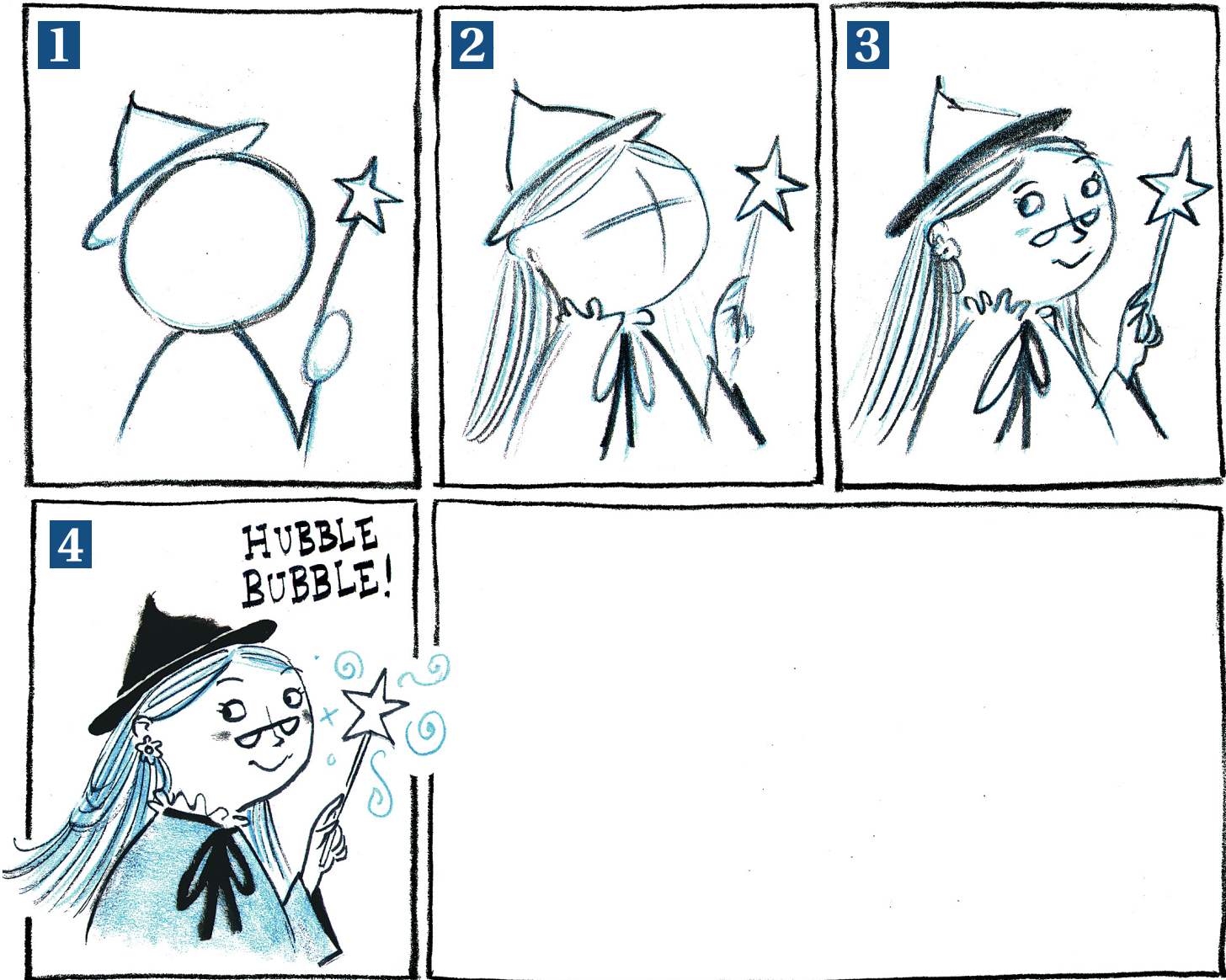
BEGINNER									ANSWER
3	x9	+8	÷5	X BY ITSELF	-15	HALVE IT	+31	3/4 OF THIS	
INTERMEDIATE									ANSWER
84	2/6 OF THIS	3/4 OF THIS	DOUBLE IT	÷7	X BY ITSELF	3/4 OF THIS	+57	÷12	
ADVANCED									ANSWER
117	÷9	X BY ITSELF	-87	TRIPLE IT	-125	√	x8	75% OF THIS	

WordWheel

Within the word wheel are most of the letters of the alphabet. However, a few are missing and it's your job to find out which ones. The missing letters rearranged will spell out the name of two countries.



How to draw like Joe Berger Copy the stages below to create your own Granny! Meet Tracey Corderoy, author of Hubble Bubble Granny Trouble, at 11.30am at The Cube



Green ribbon through

Walking Sam Llewellyn takes the long and beautiful route to the Hay festival – on foot along the Offa's Dyke path

The Offa's Dyke path is one of the glories of British pedestrianism. It runs 177 miles from Prestatyn in North Wales to Chepstow on the Severn estuary, more or less following the Welsh border in the shape of the great earthwork thrown up by the eighth-century King Offa of the Mercians. Academics are still arguing about its precise length and whether it was built as a practical fortification or a symbolic barrier. What is undeniable is that it is a long, beautiful and not too difficult walk over wild and sometimes mountainous country. And that the day's walk between Kington in Herefordshire, and Hay-on-Wye is quite possibly its most beautiful stretch.

The day begins above the charming little market town of Kington on the whaleback of wild land known as Hergest Ridge. At the top is a clump of monkey-puzzle trees planted by a gardener who noticed half a century ago that the Ridge's winter climate resembles that of their native Patagonia. Above the trees is a trig point from which, on a clear day, you can see 15 counties. To the north, the mountains of Radnor Forest roll away. Behind you, the Herefordshire plain spreads into Shropshire and Clee Hill. A little west of south is Hay Bluff, overhanging the day's destination.

The Ridge drives into a tangle of hills. It is important to keep walking, undistracted by a side-trip for an aperitif in the excellent Harp at Old Radnor (01544 350655; harpinnradnor.co.uk). Herds of half-wild Welsh mountain ponies strike classical attitudes beside the path, two feet in England, two feet in Wales. The hills ahead are covered with a patchwork of tiny fields. A thick silence lies on the world, and the green turf is scattered with blue pools in which live parti-coloured frogs. Then the world dips away into a valley with a stream running through it.

The Royal Oak pub in Gladestry (01544 370669; royaloakgladestry.co.uk) is neatly positioned by the bridge. But it is only mid-morning, and we compromise by dropping in at the church, a fine edifice rendered even more charming by an electric kettle and the raw materials for tea and coffee.

The path winds on through fields that run up to wild hilltops bright with new bracken. Some of the path runs on drove roads, down which for the 700 years before the arrival of the railways the shepherds of Wales sent their flocks to London for sale. An ancient Scots pine planted near a farmhouse is an indicator that this was a place where the drovers could pasture their animals. Welsh names in London – Lloyd's Coffee House, John Lewis – attest to the fact that some drovers found better uses for their money in the big city. (Wayne Smith will be talking about the Welsh drovers at 9am on 1 June, event 353.)

By the time we have trudged to the summit of Disgwylfa Hill, it is time for lunch. We eat sandwiches in the lee of a gorse bush, and drink from a bottle of Butty Bach. Refreshed, we descend the slope into Newchurch. It might be isolated, but it is far from primitive.



One of the glories of pedestrianism: the Offa's Dyke path near Welshpool

A whiff of literature is already rising from the Wye valley. The village was much visited by the diarist Francis Kilvert, curate of nearby Clyro in the late 19th century. We walk up his "long green ride... over the hill like a green ribbon between the dark heather" across the flank of Little Mountain.

A great gulf of air opens up ahead. Beyond it float the prisms of the Black Mountains. The path runs into those mountains. We pass through a gate and start slithering down the south face of the valley, winding in and out of the muddy woods of Bettws Dingle. The 21st century returns with a roar of traffic on the A438. Another half-hour of meadows, a stroll

along the river, and the castle-crowned roofs of Hay are waiting for us, huddled on the other side of the bridge.

Finding the way

The National Trails website has maps too small to be useful. Better buy a guide from gps-routes.co.uk: Keith Carter's *Offa's Dyke Path* (Trailblazer) is good – make sure it's the 2011 edition. David Hunter's *The Offa's Dyke Path* (Cicerone) is also excellent, and shows circular walks from Hay as well as the main trail. Both should be used with OS Explorer 201, Knighton and Presteigne, for the trail north of Hay; and OS OL13, Brecon Beacons National Park, Eastern Region, for the Black Mountains and points south.

the turf

Lifechanging passions

From visual arts to pantomime, Hereford's creative hub serves all

Why an open arms approach has transformed The Courtyard

When actor James McAvoy starred in *Romeo and Juliet* and *West Side Story* at Hereford's Courtyard Arts Centre back in 1999, the Scot was an unknown 19-year-old just launching his career. So, too, was The Courtyard, which opened the year before on the site of the old Nell Gwynne Theatre.

Today, both are something of a cultural beacon, though admittedly The Courtyard is more of a regional rather than a global star. The cutting-edge arts centre, which has received over half a million pounds of National Lottery funding, nevertheless prides itself on its ambitious programming that includes theatre, contemporary dance, music, film, comedy and the visual arts. Home to a range of arts organisations and companies, The Courtyard is a creative hub, hosting everything from the Borderlines Film Festival to the annual Herefordshire LGBT Festival.

"We want to provide groundbreaking events and productions," says The Courtyard's Lucy Wells. "But we have to temper that with the fact that we are in a very rural area and don't have an enormous young audience on our doorstep." Shows, many of which are in-house productions, have ranged from an early production of *Shading the Crime*, a dark play about torture in South America, to *The Diary of Anne Frank*, *Singin' in the Rain* and *Horrible Histories* – the latter produced by Birmingham Rep. Later this year will see a new adaptation of *Jason and the Argonauts* by Mark Williams, writer of the stage version of *Horrible Histories*, which will then tour nationally.

Celebrating its 15th anniversary in 2013, The Courtyard is maintaining a theatrical tradition that began with local heroes Nell Gwynne and David Garrick, who were both born in Hereford, and the tragic actress Sarah Siddons, who performed on stage in the historic city. Today, as part of a vision to involve the community at all levels, casts are drawn from a mixed pool of professionals and amateurs. The sellout Christmas pantomime matches professional leads with local children.

Along with budding thespians and box-office names, The Courtyard is a magnet for locals who use the gleaming glass box of a



venue as their community centre. "We get a complete mix," says Wells. "You get mums with babies in the café, older people coming in for a life-drawing class, teenagers piling out of a youth theatre event. It's a wonderful mélange of people rarely seen in the average meeting place. You don't usually get teenagers hanging out in the same place as pensioners."

The Courtyard has been doing pioneering community work with the elderly since 2010, focusing on people with dementia through

“It's a wonderful mélange of people... You don't usually get teenagers hanging out in the same place as pensioners

an initiative called the Arts and Older People Project. The first arts centre in the UK to become part of the Dementia Action Alliance, poetry and other creative practices are used to trigger memories and preserve them, both for participants and their friends and family.

It is all part of what Lucy Wells describes as The Courtyard's "open arms" way of operating. "We are very relaxed and friendly – we're not just a theatre. We really are here for everybody."

Every week The National Lottery raises more than £35 million for good causes.



JOHN BENTLEY/ALAMY

Solutions from p6&7

General Knowledge Crossword

Across: 1 Shelley, 5 Sidecar, 9 Prado, 12 Latin, 13 Theorbo, 14 Neptune, 15 Orthography, 16 Ibsen, 17 Buses, 18 Infrasonic, 21 Grip, 24 Scream, 26 Rorqual, 28 Ulnae, 31 Compendium, 34 Lady Godiva, 36 Prost, 37 Chapati, 38 Jacket, 41 Clew, 42 Astronomer, 44 Night, 47 Toby jug, 49 Lapis Lazuli, 51 Bristol, 52 Michael, 53 Roost, 54 Oasis, 55 Pendant, 56 Mystery.
Down: 1 Salcombe, 2 Estates, 3 Langouste, 4 Ytterbium, 5 Sleep, 6 Dirty Harry, 7 Chorio, 8 Renan, 9 Pippin, 10 Aruba, 11 One-step, 19 Fortuna, 20 Inlay, 22 Rankine, 23 Sumo, 25 Compote, 27 Uranium, 29 Eys, 30 Scop, 32 Etty, 33 Ducks, 35 Saint Lucia, 38 Jerusalem, 39 Centaurus, 40 Strictly, 41 Carabao, 43 Regiment, 45 Glucose, 46 Abatis, 47 Twits, 48 Julep, 50 Plant.

Word Wheel: EGYPT - BRAZIL
Junior Mind Gym: B: 36, I: 7, A: 66.

BrainGames

Test your wit and ingenuity every Saturday with our Games pages in Weekend, including the General Knowledge Prize Crossword, Bridge and Scrabble.

There is also a four-page 40 puzzle mind-bending Brain Games pull-out on the last Saturday of each month with Sudoku, Codewords and the £500 Prize Crossword.

For thousands more brain-teasing games, visit puzzles.telegraph.co.uk to access our online archive as well as more than 50 new puzzles added weekly.

Into the land of slate-blue, slate-black

Extract How one artist, two poets and two photographers came together in the Welsh landscape. By **Tony Curtis**

The book *The Alchemy of Water* celebrates the landscape and people of Wales through poems and photographs. It shows us how water transforms the land, feeds our eyes and illuminates our lives.

We invite you to take a journey with us – from the mountains of Gwynedd where water is caught, in the words of our poems “In the land of slate-blue, slate-black”, past “the dark turrets of our embattled land” and “the lakes of plenty” to the “field’s precipitous plunge” into the sea that girdles us.

Some places, some days of weather and light you will recognise, others will be a revelation. You may see the place again, and know it for the first time.

This book has its roots in the work of the Welsh-born and Illinois-based landscape artist Fred Jones who for many years has travelled from his home in the US back to his birth place in Llanymynech.

I opened Fred’s exhibition of watercolours at the National Library of Wales in 2006 and they made a fine record of his travels through the length and breadth of Wales, often in the autumn and winter months and often in wet weather.

As part of this process, he also sent me some photographs of the locations of his paintings, in response to which I drafted some short poems.

When I approached the poet, novelist and critic Grahame Davies, he agreed that we could work distinctly in our two languages and closely as kindred spirits. The photographers Mari Owen and Carl Ryan

joined us and with their cameras worked on a new and complete portfolio of 40 locations. Some photographs were led by the poems, some poems were in response to their photographs.

Grahame and I decided that we would write short poems and that we would respond to the landscape rather than to each other’s writing. Of course, some poems are close in theme, mood and implied narrative as they draw on the specific moments captured by the camera.

At other times, we went on quite individual journeys from the same starting place. In any case, our two languages and their poetic traditions inform our writing: the *englyn*, folk verse, haiku and imagist poem are some of our reference points.

Both poets and photographers have sought to bring a freshness of vision to an old country, as in this meditation on the old slate mill in Porthmadog:

The exact placement of brick and slate.
The exuberance of that curved window.
So why
is this place left to the rain?

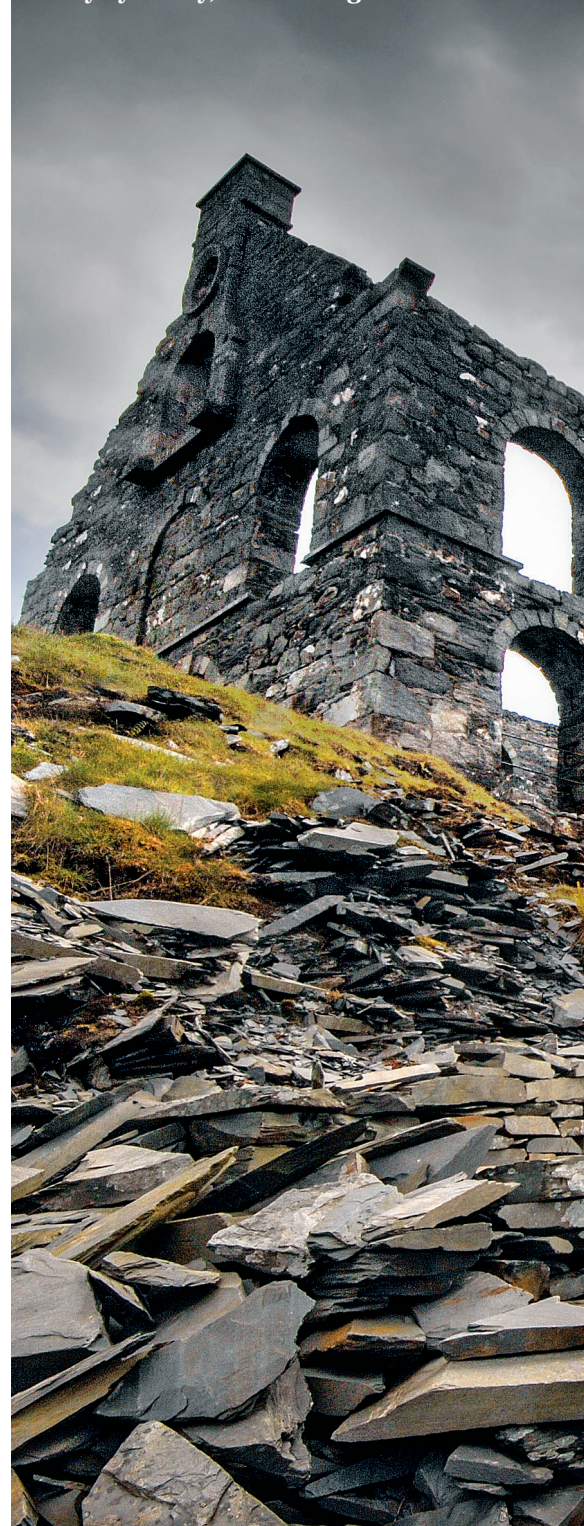
Look to the children who left with their
lives,
the 747s so far above these clouds.

Y ffenestr fwa fawr oedd ffrâm eu byd
rhwng eangderau oer a chulni clyd,
nes agor drws Aberhenfelen yr henfro
a gadael yr aelwyd i’r gwynt ei chrwydro.

Poems © Grahame Davies and Tony Curtis.
Photographs © Mari Owen and Carl Ryan.

Grahame Davies and Tony Curtis take part in a multimedia event at 4pm today at the Digital Stage [Event 244]. ‘The Alchemy of Water’ is published by Gomer.

Left to the rain: a ruined slate mill in Ynys-y-Pandy, Porthmadog

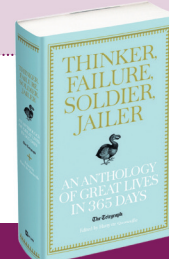


Telegraph | bookshop

Thinker, Failure, Soldier, Jailer

The obituaries pages of the Telegraph are renowned for their quality of writing and capacity

to distil the essence of a life from its most extraordinary moments.



Only
£22
£2.50 p&p

Order now on **0844 871 1514** or visit **www.books.telegraph.co.uk**

Please add £2.50 heavy carriage (call for overseas rates). Please add an extra 30p p&p for any additional books. Lines open Monday to Friday 9am-6pm; Saturday 9am-5.30pm; Sunday 10am-4pm. Calls cost no more than 5p per minute from BT landlines (other networks may vary). Post cheque to Telegraph Books, Orders Dept, PO Box 582, Norwich NR7 0GB. Products are purchased from, and your contract is with, Bertrams Group Ltd, not Telegraph Media Group Limited. Please refer to the Data Protection Notice in today's Personal Column.



Today's highlights



In Google's Big Tent

Mark Rowlands

11.30am [Event 227]

The author of *The Philosopher and the Wolf*, who spent a decade living wild, on returning to his birthplace near Hay.

In the Telegraph Tent

Matthew Norman

11.30am

Discussion and readings from *Thinker, Failure, Soldier, Jailor*, a collection celebrating the finest obituaries from the *Telegraph*.

Around the festival

Anthony Browne

10am *Google's Big Tent* [Event HF55]

Former children's laureate shows us how to play the Shape Game.

Judith Kerr and Michael Morpurgo (pictured above)

11.30am *Barclays Pavilion* [Event HF57]

The two authors reminisce on the joint occasion of their 90th and 70th birthdays.

Damian Lewis and Helen McCrory

4pm *Barclays Pavilion* [Event 474]

The star of *Homeland* and his actress wife read a programme of Byron and Keats.

At the Wales Stage

Wara

9.30pm [Event 262]

The band with Cuban roots and Congolese-Argentinian vocals.

Download a free version of the Hayly Telegraph at [iTunes.com/HayFestival](https://itunes.com/HayFestival) or from telegraph.co.uk



© MARI OWEN AND CARL RYAN

Festivaloffer

Enjoy tapa and wine for £5

José Pizarro will bring a taste of Spain to the Hay Festival at pop-up restaurant Tapas España, in association with the Spanish Tourist Office. Try the ultimate festival food, based on menus from the chef's renowned Bermondsey Street sherry and tapas bar, José.

Present this page at Tapas España during the Hay Festival for one tapa dish and a glass of wine for £5



Telegraphcompetition

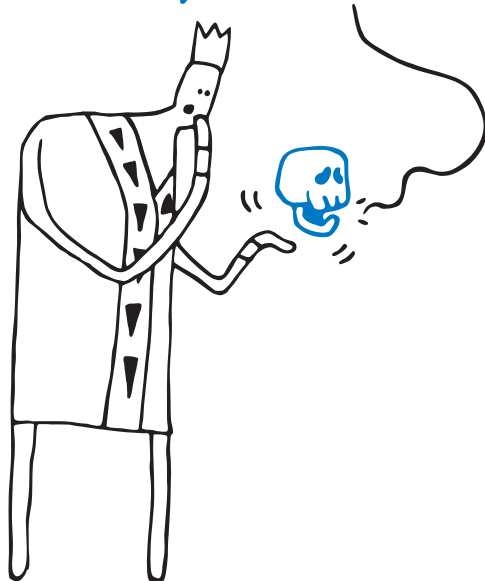
Win a cruise aboard Queen Mary 2

Win a four-night cruise for two aboard Cunard's flagship Queen Mary 2. Sail on November 26, 2013, in a deluxe balcony stateroom from and back to Southampton to explore Le Havre and Bruges with your accommodation, meals in the main restaurants, entertainment and port taxes all taken care of.

To enter and for full terms and conditions, visit telegraph.co.uk/cunard by Sunday, June 9, 2013



To be or not
to be, that is
the question.



2bon2btitq



Want to create a really strong password? Ask Hamlet.

Or Macbeth. Or Othello. Or even take a lyric from your favourite song. The more unusual the better. Try thinking of a memorable line like, 'To be, or not to be, that is the question' and then use numbers, symbols and mixed letters to recreate it: 2bon2btitq is a password with quadrillions of variations. Which is a lot.

In short, strong passwords can keep you safe online, which is good to know.

To find out more on how to be safer on the Internet, go to [google.com/goodtoknow](https://www.google.com/goodtoknow)